

12 h0rny men ',:§

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by [Pail_19](#)

Summary

Two jurors take a risque break from deliberating a murder trial to get down and dirty in the courthouse bathroom.

Notes

this fanfic takes place within the play's text. To understand this context, insert this story after Nine says "Thank you. This gentleman chose not to stand alone against us. That's his right. It takes a great deal of courage to stand alone even if you believe in something very strongly. He left the verdict up to us. He gambled for support and I gave it to him. I want to hear more. The vote is ten to two." near the beginning of act 2.

Jurors two and four's following conversation should be assumed to have taken place while the focus is on the bathroom.

And, when chapter one concludes return to the play's text with Juror Three's line "Look, buddy, now that we've kind of cooled off..."

The tenth juror spoke: "That's fine. If the speech is over, let's go on."

"No," it was the foreman, "This little vote was much too heated. I think we all need a moment to calm down; how about a 10 minute break in deliberation."

Seven was first to respond, "Oh come on now! We've hardly begun. If we keep up this pace, I'll miss my musical."

"Come now," it was eleven who countered, "this is a man's life; we should take our time and consider everything with cool heads." He stood from his chair and stepped away from the table. "And frankly I've got to piss."

Murmurs of agreement surfaced from around the table.

"Then it's settled. We'll talk again in 10 minutes." The foreman got up and the others followed.

They each went their separate ways: twelve and seven began musing to each other about sales, eight turned to nine to thank him properly for his vote, four moved to the water cooler, most just pushed their chairs back and closed their eyes a moment, and the eleventh juror walked to the door.

Two knocks, the guard unlocked and opened the door. "Yes?"

In the man's thick accent he explained that he needed to use the bathroom. Then a quiet voice rose from behind them. "Excuse me, I also have to use the toilet," it was the fifth juror; he was a young man and quite small presenced next to the aged confidence the eleventh juror possessed.

The guard spoke: "All right, I'll lead you two to the mens bathroom. Just don't loiter, we wouldn't want to hold up the verdict."

Five and eleven walked out the room, the door was locked again, and the three men walked through the courthouse. Stares and whispers followed their path but the guard never hesitated. They came upon an unremarkable door with a sign above indicating the room's purpose. "Here's the bathroom. I'll wait outside." The guard turned his back to the door and the jurors pushed in.

AN:

Then they like fucked and then theey went back to the room.

Idk

I'll write more of this ch later but im tired, so heres what i have so far

Lol XD

Heyyyyyy im finally back. Who's excited to see what happens in the bathroom. wink ;).

Eleven confidently strode toward the nearest urinal trough. He pulled out his cock and immediately leaned into a long overdue release. Five stood in the doorway dazed by the older man's easy gate and bold stream. Eleven let his eyelids fall and let out a deep sigh; Five shook off his stunned state and shuffled past Eleven to the perpendicularly placed urinal trough. Shakily, he pulled out his dick-- what was it doing that stiff?! Five's breath staggered. He tried to focus, to push urine out of his urethra, but it wouldn't breach. And the harder Five focused on trembling member the harder he got.

The sound of Eleven's piss hitting the urinal ceased. A moment; a zipper; a step; and another; louder; loude--

Eleven slapped his hand down on Five's shoulder. "Little piss shy, are ya?"

Five drew breath; his heart beat.

"Theres no need to be ashamed," Eleven peered over the mans shoulder. "We've all got a lot on our minds that can make it difficult for a man to do his business." A beat: "can i lend a hand?"

Five swallowed, his eyes fixed ahead. What could he say? What should he do? He could feel the calluses of the older man's hands through his shirt and jacket; he could feel the man's breath on his neck. "I-- umm... sure. ...thanks."

AN:

lol im back guys! the craziest stuff happens to me, im getting pear pressuered to wriute more so here we go!!!

Eleven sank down on his knees: eye level with five's penis. It flinched.

Five stammered: "im sorry. i-- i dont know whats come over me."

"There's nothing to be ashamed of son. its been quite a tense day. let me help you relax." the younger man opened his lips to speak, but without any response to say he instead pulled his lips together and let the undeniably suave man.

eleven sliped his touunge out and gently draged it along five's twiching dick. it perked and he smiled. elevin pressed his mouth egainst the trunck of teh member. he moved up and down gently-- tracing the dick's length with his lips, and touunge. carefully elevn brought is mouth away; he twisted anound and pressed tehm out once more. this time softly framing fives cockhead. five moaned; squeezimg bhis eyes shut, he rolled his head back. eleven pressed on, carefully slidding teh rest of the penish into i smoyth and down his throuat.

fives nee\atly trimed pubes brushed against elevens corase gray mustache. eleven pulled back, then pushed himself down again. bobbing up and down on the younger man's cock, elevne felt his own penis grow stive against his slacks.

it wasnt long before elevens expert manuevering around his penis before five felt the edge of a climax creaping up on him. "sir..." his breath caught on the intense pleasure he was fealing. "sir i think im going to.. i think im gonna orgasam.. you should..."

but elevn didnt halt. if anything his actions intensified. his bobbing grew quicker. his eyes flicked upwards, meeting the younge mans dazed look.

in a moment five's shaking came to a head. he shook sharply thrusting deeply into elevens troath. with a muffled cry, hot semen spurted from fives cock . in heavy ropes jizz slid into and down the older mans thoat.

AN:

opsies cliffhanger, ill be back soon eith the fun

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